VOLUME LV CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905. NUMBER 28

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE.

There's a farm on the hillside,
A mill on the river;
There's a store on the highway,
A mine on the mountain;
There's a shop on the lowland,
A ship on the ocean.

There's a man with his reaper,
A man with his dinner;
There's a man with his shovel;
A man with his measure;
There's a man with his tool-box,
A man with his canvas.

There's a home with its comfort,
A street with its goers;
There's a club with its actors,
A hall with its speakers;
There's a church with its people,
A school with its learners.

These all are God's agents.
Relentless and ceaseless
In workshop and homespun
They weave the Great Fabric.
They are builders of nations,
They are makers of Heaven.

As the race in its progress,
So the child in its nurture
And the flight of the poet
Come up out of Labor.
Constructive, creative,
Will the methods of nature
Of life and its content
Make the School of the Future.

—*L. H. Bailey, in "The Outlook to Nature."*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905. NUMBER 28

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

I teach
The earth and soil
To them that toil,
The hill and fen
To common men
That live just here;

The plants that grow,
The winds that blow,
The streams that run
In rain and sun
Throughout the year;

And then I lead
Thro' wood and mead,
Thro' mould and sod
Out unto God
With love and cheer.
I teach!

—*L. H. Bailey.*

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* deserves commendation for its open crusade against the loan sharks of that city. It offers legal support and backing to those victims who will carry their cases into the courts, and is waging a determined war against those who prey upon the poor and unfortunate.

The *Granger*, of Auburn, Nebraska, says that out at Broken Bow there has been a sort of church disintegration, and thirty-five people belonging to different denominations, have pledged their support to an independent movement, the main object of which is to allow people to worship God without having to conform to any written creed. Such items are hopeful signs of the times. Everywhere men are feeling the need for freedom, frankness, and room to grow. The pulsing World-Spirit refuses to be confined.

Every man and woman who wishes to keep abreast of the practical reform work of the world which we are coming more and more to see can never be divorced from true religion, ought to know *Charities*, published by the Charity Organization Society of New York. It is far better to be ignorant of all theology than to be ignorant of the heroic struggles that are everywhere being made by social workers for the uplift of humanity. Child-Labor and the Schools, by Florence Lucas Sanville, Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch Consumers' League of Pennsylvania, Enforcement of Child-Labor Legislation, by Owen R. Lovejoy, an address before the International Association of Factory Inspectors at Detroit, August 16, and further reports of the Portland Conference are the principal articles of the issue before us.

We are glad to see an absolute denial in this week's *Charities*, by Judge Ben B. Lindsay, of Denver, of the absurd circulated reports that his remarkable power over juvenile offenders is secured by hypnotism. The innovation of such a method, while it might be of possible value to society in the case of otherwise incorrigible adult criminals, could not but fail to be fatal to the development of individual character and self-reliance in the young. An action or motive wholly imposed from without must be not only abnormal but wholly valueless in the formation of a strong personal life. Any one who knows the work of Judge Lindsay, cannot doubt that his success is due to his interest and belief in the boys, and in his power of awakening in them their own truest selves, their latent manhood.

The three most successful plans for the new court house in Chicago are published; a ten-story building, all of them, as it seems to us, more or less repeating the architectural vices of the existing building; a confusion of lines and the consequent almost total abstinence of plain wall spaces that give a sense of repose and strength; an itching for Grecian columns where there is no need of such. A Grecian column when performing the original design meant for it is beautiful, but when it is found clutching desperately to its place high up on the surface of the building which finds in these columns only an added weight to bear is an intruder on the economies of the building and an offense to the integrities that lie back of the eye and ought to be reckoned with by the eye. All of these prize drawings as published in the Chicago papers of last week, imposing on paper, will look stunning while new, but in ten years will be grimy and dirty. All the numerous cracks and other receptacles for dirt will be well filled. We trust the board will have courage to reject all these plans, demand that these exteriors be ironed out, the wrinkles removed and a facade be offered so plain and substantial that it will grow more beautiful with the decades and give at least one great building to Chicago that will contribute to a composure of spirit, make plainness beautiful and simplicity inspiring. Try it again, O architects!

The Congregational ministers of America will go to their great national gathering which is about to convene at Seattle, this time for some purpose. Dr. Gladden, their Moderator, has wisely, as we think, determined to force to a discussion the unsolved eth-

ical problem raised by the now famous Rockefeller contribution to the work of the Congregational board. The form of the question which Dr. Gladden proposes for discussion is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the officers of this society should neither solicit nor invite donations to its funds from persons whose gains are generally believed to have been made by methods morally reprehensible or socially injurious."

We have no hopes, Dr. Gladden cannot hope, that the question can be solved by a vote or that the discussion will bring out a consensus of opinion; but in the discussion conscience will be developed and judgments will grow discriminating. It may seem an idle distinction between soliciting or inviting and accepting or using, and still perhaps this very distinction will lead to clear judgment. The point raised by Dr. Gladden and his associates is not that any money, every man's money, cannot be put to good uses, but that it is possible to give such notoriety and pseudo endorsement to methods of financiering that are demonstrably vicious in such a way that the endorsement will do more harm than the money can do good. UNITY will await this discussion with interest, believing that it will result in much good in unfolding the character of ethics and proving that the "notoriousness" of the maladministration and the publicity sought by such an administrator are elements in the problem.

Of the many victories with which Japan has surprised the world during the last five years none is so brilliant and so sure of immortality as the last victory, when Japan triumphed over its own conquering spirit and with a magnanimity which the Chicago *Tribune* pronounces unparalleled in history, brought an end to the awful war by sacrificing its martial spirit to the honor of a distracted and largely dismantled foe. That this war will redound to the ultimate development and salvation of Russia we have no doubt. The bitter waters of defeat will prove healing waters. We have feared for Japan's future but this final triumph of magnanimity augurs well for the future of Japan. Its future, like the future of all nations, is ultimately to be tested by its spiritual rather than by its physical equipments. At the present moment the world will divide its plaudits between the magnanimous Mikado of Japan and the dauntless President of the United States, who dared to take the initiative, and who with his accustomed nerve and adventurous spirit pushed to a successful issue. All honor to Roosevelt for what he did, but O why did not he or some other power or combination of powers do in February, 1904, what he did on the second of June, 1905, and thus save the awful, awful holocaust? We must wait for the final figures, the terrible aggregation is the latest argument against the great survival of barbarism—War, in any and all forms. There is a better way. While the dove with its olive branch is hailed with such heartiness throughout the civilized world, let the nations vow eternal hatred to war and see to it that such terrible atrocities as have been perpetrated by Japan and Russia shall never outrage the affections, the judgments and the economic interests of mankind again.

Frances L. Roberts.

Vacation exigencies alone account for the belated notice in these columns of the death of Miss Frances L. Roberts, which occurred at her home in Sterling, Ill., on Wednesday afternoon, August 9. In her death UNITY has lost its earliest foster mother, for during its earliest years she was the care-taker, the patient and conscientious office editor, serving it and the cause it represented in the countless ways given to a woman's hand and heart to help.

In the heroic days of Unity Church, Chicago, of the Western Unitarian Conference, the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, the Colegrove Book Company and UNITY, Miss Roberts was close at the heart of things. She was amanuensis and literary adviser of Robert Collyer and the office attendant at the Western Unitarian headquarters, which came into being largely through her kindly offices, continued for many years. When failing strength necessitated, she installed as her sucessor her nearest friend, Ellen T. Leonard. They were kindred spirits, both belonging to the sisterhood of the divine service.

Miss Roberts was a product of Quaker faith and life and at the end reflected the serenity of spirit, the devoutness of heart and readiness of hand which become that holy faith. In recent years Miss Roberts lived quietly in Sterling, Ill., with a widowed sister, and, notwithstanding a chronic malady, lived by virtue of her serenity of spirit and simple habits to the goodly age of seventy-one years.

At this writing we have at hand few of the details of the last illness and funeral and we can only hastily confess the loss and the love which cannot be adequately expressed in print. Modesty, earnestness, integrity, devoutness floating in a spring of geniality and cheerfulness, this was Frances L. Roberts to those who knew her best.

The Institutional School.

Memory marks two signal days in the annual calendar of the present writer's youthful years. One was the last day of school when with tear-reddened eyes slate and books were carried home after receiving the kindly admonition of the school ma'am not to forget our lessons, to be good and kind always and not forget the teacher who had tried her best and who was then taking leave of us forever with a kiss, until the boy grew too large for such token of affection.

The other day of the year was when the books were again packed and with light feet and eager hearts we went to meet the first day of school, the happiest of the year, until in the fullness of time school could not be

begun until the fall plowing and the husking were done. Then the first day of school was the occasion of some more shedding of tears.

All this is reversed in the life of most of the children of today. The school year has lengthened so that much of the child life is doomed to be spent within the walls of the school room and the "last day" comes with a joyful sense of relief. The child hurries to his freedom and the first day brings a feeling of enslavement and the child bends itself to the yoke of routine. Something is the matter with the school room. In this all educators and intelligent parents agree. Just what is the matter is harder to state and the remedy is still harder to reach.

No man has written more persistently and in the main more intelligently and profitably on the problem of popular education, particularly of the country school, than Prof. L. H. Bailey, of the Horticultural Department in Cornell University. His last book, "The Outlook to Nature" (Macmillan), contains a lecture on the school of the future which just now is timely reading and we commend it to the fathers and mothers who read UNITY and also to the school teachers of all grades and descriptions who are about to take up again the work of training the child, which work is ever prone to degenerate into a system of indoctrination or a pseudo social function.

The essay starts out with some pointed suggestions as to what constitutes education. It is something more than accomplishment or efficiency. It is "sensitiveness to life," the power of appreciation, and above all, the democratic instinct, the power to be at home with common people. In the unfolding of his dream of the school of the future Professor Bailey finds it necessary to use the title "institutional school." Just what he means by it is as hard to define as to define what is meant by the "institutional church." In both cases the word "institutional" is an inadequate term which finds recognition on account of the poverty of our language rather than on account of the aptness of the phrase. But whether applied to church or school, it means that there is something being done; that theories are applied, that the spirit is incarnated. It means that religion and education are to be applied; that the objects at hand, the duties of the hour, the issues of the day, the problems of the year are grappled with and worked upon.

The institutional church already begins to carry a definite connotation, but the institutional school is a phrase that as yet carries little meaning, but it is a prophetic term—the school that is to find its laboratory, much of its library and training in the life by which it is environed. The country school is to be related more and more to the garden, the field and the barnyard—not in a sentimental, but in a vital, pedagogical way. The city school is to study mechanics and mathematics as well as poetry and history in the shops, streets, parks, public institutions, and, strange that it should be necessary to mention it, the homes in which they live. That this is not now the method of education is a fact too patent. How to make it so is a discussion beyond the reach of this editorial. Professor Bailey's article makes many valuable suggestions. UNITY must content itself with calling attention to this article and express its greetings and congratulations to the boys and girls who this week begin again the delightful school tasks. Better and worse schools there are, but a bad school can scarcely exist except where there exist careless parents and worldly-minded, selfish teachers. Far more fundamental than any academic requirements in a good teacher is the disinterested spirit,—the teacher with an eye single to the glory of God as manifested in the life of his pupils. If there are any poor schools in the world where a child can receive no blessing it is the school where pride of caste and position is pandered, where the lust of gain or of worldly promotion is manifest. Professor Bailey is again in the school of the prophets when he declares the democratic spirit the finest fruits of culture. Herein lies the greatest advantage of the farm, to quote his words. He says:

"The farm boy is a democrat. Of all our people, he is probably the freest from any thought of social stratification. He associates with his fellows on terms of equality, and is free from haughtiness and snobbishness. The farmer has no servants, but "hired help," and the help eats at the table. More than this, the farm boy runs his own errands and waits on himself; and all men are equal."

Whether the farm boy as above described is peculiarly a product of the farm or not may be an open question, but that such a boy, wherever he may be, in city or in country, stands in the line of highest usefulness and is the finest product of what we call civilization, is beyond dispute.

Moonlight on Tower Hill.

A winding road where flowers grow wild,
A climb to the top of the hill,
Where evening rests with whitening touch
Upon the old wind-mill.

The shining river winds below,
Like a ribbon carelessly flung,
Over the lights of the little town
A silver gauze is hung.

Harebell and spurge grow drowsy with sleep,
As Night draws on her cowl,
From afar comes the call of the whip-poor-will,
With a deep "hoo-hoo" from the owl.

The rustling pines make strange, weird sounds,
Swept by the evening breeze,
Grim "Sugar Loaf" lifts his rock crowned head,
Where moonbeams rest at ease.

Climb on, bright moon, and lift us up
To higher realms of thought!
O'er the great and wise of every age,
Your magic spell has wrought!

To you the ancient Brahman sang
His Vedic hymn of praise,
'Twas you that drew from dreaming Keats,
A visioned poet's lays!

What though no life beats in your breast,
And to us your breath is chill,
You wing us into higher spheres
As we watch by the old wind-mill!

KATHERINE A. GRAHAM.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

The summer school was over and instructors and students alike felt that they had earned a right to one long holiday. Accordingly the Master of the Hill and his cabinet put their heads together and planned a week of gypsying across southern Wisconsin for as many gypsies as the tribe could muster.

Tuesday, August 22, was named as the date for sallying forth. The entire tribe assembled for an early breakfast. The chief marshaled his forces from the back of his gallant saddle horse, Roos, and two canopy-tops furnished transportation for a party of eleven, composed of the Head Professor of Natural Science, the Mistress of Domestic Economy, the Botanist, and eight untitled individuals of no particular office at date of starting—honors were yet to be won,—in all, four of the rank and eight of the file. Let it be confessed at the outset that the party was overwhelmingly feminine in the cheerless proportion of six to one. The preponderating element yielded gracefully to the inevitable and were as cheerful as could be expected under the circumstances; the only complaint came from the minority and was loudest when horses were to be harnessed in the absence of hostlers; this in manifest ingratitude, for feminine assistance was freely proffered and never once refused.

The procession was booked to be on the road at eight and was one minute late in starting. The Professor of Science drove the lead team and the Mistress of Domestic Economy was head driver of the bays, whose antics, persistently continued throughout most of the drive, gave them a speedy re-christening from "Dick and Nell" to "Lunger and Plunger." The driver was persistent, too, but there were times when she was willing to receive the assistance of the noncommissioned, or even of the chief, while Roos trotted on riderless and apparently aimless between the two canopy-tops, stopping occasionally to snatch a luscious mouthful of grass and regularly to seek a drink whenever she caught sight of windmill or pump.

To the driver of the head team this obedience on the part of Roos to an inner rather than an outer conscience was held for lawlessness, and an irreverent caviler at the methods of a famous Chicago preparatory school was heard to mutter a comparison between the discipline of the school and that of the owner of Roos; and once poor Roos was ignominiously tied with a halter to the back of the front canopy-top, to the great indignation of her owner, who left his borrowed seat to liberate her at once, jumped to the saddle and galloped away out of sight, leaving "Lunger" and "Plunger" for the time being to the tender mercies of feminine drivers.

This first day the way led through Arena, Mazomanie, Black Earth, and Cross Plains to Madison, forty miles away, and our longest drive. The air was clear and almost crisp for an August morning. The word which seemed to fit the party best was exhilaration, and one was heard to quote from Lowell,

"You have to git up airly if you want to take in God."

Here we were with the open road before us and the "time and tide," which "wait for no man," behind us. No work, no hurry, no worry, no trains, no telephone, no conscience problems ahead of us for a whole jubilee week of the year, and all around us hills and valleys, farms, woods, and plains sometimes stretching away and away into fertile prairies covered with ripening corn or yellow stubble. Goldenrod made a veritable "Field of the Cloth of Gold" to fill the hearts of kings with joy. The early asters, white, blue, and purple, were already here to remind us that summer is brief and autumn is coming on apace. After these the white boneset and the blue great lobelia were perhaps the most conspicuous flowers in the landscape. Yes, the "joys of the open road" were all before us—and some of us knew there was fried chicken under one of the seats! For the leaders of this band have gone gypsying before. Hotels are far apart and a party of twelve is too many to be fed at a farmhouse unwarned. The general plan was to make a town and hotel accommodations by night and take one meal a day at the hotel, either supper or breakfast, and sometimes both. Other meals were taken by the roadside by permission on some farmer's lawn, or in a barn filled with fresh new mown hay. Hot water could always be obtained from the farmhouse and sometimes coffee made and eggs and bacon fried on the kitchen stove by kindly permission of the farmer's wife. And if you are ignorant of the flavor or the zest of such a meal, then pray you may live on this earth a little while longer, until you have compassed one more of its joys!

We dined beyond Mazomanie, by the side of a little lake, where we found an unwonted sight,—a lake full of what we then supposed to be the Egyptian lotus, but which the Botanist a little later found to be the American Nelumbo, or Lotus. Its exquisite creamy blossoms and large peltate leaves, many of them unlike our common lily pods, supported above the water with the graceful seed vessel, so like the one familiar in Egyptian art, made a sight long to be remembered. Our chief remembered that they were planted here at an early day by an old settler, and learned by questioning our host, Mr. Stickney, that his grandfather was the planter, having brought them here from a lake near Prairie du Chien.

Near Mazomanie we came upon evident and unmistakable signs of the glacial drift. Until very recently the geologists have believed in a non-glaciated area having its center at Platteville, but within the last year undoubted signs of glacial action have been discovered in the very heart of the "non-glacial area." All along this route are fine fields of all the staples of southern Wisconsin,—grass, oats, rye, tobacco, and luxuriant fields of Indian corn. All the way, too, we were impressed by the prosperity evidenced by comfortable houses and barns, herds of sleek cattle and well-kept farmyards. Creameries were frequent, supplying the best of cream for our wayside cup of coffee, or a drink of rich, sweet buttermilk, which in most places is as free to the traveler as water. Our leader, who has been familiar with these roads from boyhood, told us that the creameries with their buttermilk had largely supplanted the saloons with their beer since the early days. Many of the roadsides were not kept as trim and free from weeds and bushes as a tidy housekeeper might like to see, but most of the "weeds" are picturesque, and we learned in our science class this summer that these wayside growths furnish nesting places and food for the birds who also eat the insects, the bane of the farm crops. In consequence of this discovery the standards of roadside neatness are changing. Farmers may learn coöperation in these as in other matters from their own herds of cattle, which we frequently saw huddled close together, vigorously plying their tails to drive away the flies which assailed the common comfort. The coöperative conscience begins lower down than an evening in an aldermanic council in Chicago or Philadelphia might indicate.

It was quite dark when we came upon Mendota, the first of the Madison chain of lakes, and full nine o'clock when we drove into the capital city over its elegantly paved streets.

A good night's rest enabled us to shake off our forty miles of travel and start as fresh as ever. We were on the road early next morning with unabated interest in the roadside and farms. Half-past four brought us to the pretty town of Lake Mills, on the shores of Rock Lake, though we learned that we were too late for some of the sights of the town, being informed by a German farmer on the road that we ought to have been there already yet if we wanted to see the races. Here a ministerial conference deprived us of our leader for a few hours. We ate our picnic supper at the edge of the lake as the sun was setting in gold and rose, meantime celebrating the wooden wedding of the Professor of Science and his wife with the presentation of a few wooden articles accompanied by speeches more or less wooden, to preserve the harmony of the occasion.

Thursday morning the heavens opened and we were detained for the forenoon by rain, the only time during the trip. Here the Librarian and the Kindergartener improved the moments by donning waterproofs and attempting a visit to the Fargo Library, a handsome building of granite, with sandstone trimmings, donated to the city by L. D. Fargo, a successful creamery man of the town. But the Library being closed except during three afternoons and evening of the week, the visitors went away regretting that such a building should go unused so large a portion of the time.

Starting at two in the afternoon, we made the shortest drive of the trip—twelve miles—to Watertown, a thriving city of ten thousand people. Both the city and the adjacent country have a large and thrifty German population. We were told that the schools are unusually fine and we enjoyed an hour in the Public Library, which, although inadequately housed on the ground floor of the City Hall, seems to be well chosen and is evidently well patronized. Like many Wisconsin towns, Watertown has been smiled upon by Mr. Carnegie, and the new Library building will be begun as soon as a suitable site can be chosen. We were told that the excellent standards of the schools and much of the enterprise of the community are due to the work and influence of Mr. Viebahn, for many years superintendent of schools.

From Lake Mills to Watertown and on and around through Fort Atkinson, we drove through the finest parts of Jefferson county, which is said to be one of the finest counties in Wisconsin.

Leaving Watertown at 6 o'clock in the morning, we drove to Ixonia, where we visited the boyhood home of our leader, the main objective point of our drive, and ate our picnic breakfast, this time within the walls of a house, at the old homestead, through the courteous hospitality of the present owner, Mr. Gibson, and his wife. Breakfast over, we walked to the little cemetery nearby, around which the tenderest associations cling. Here we were shown a gravestone dated 1846 and bearing the name of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, that uncle of your Pastor and leader, who preceded the immigrant family from Wales and blazed the way to the wilderness home. Here by the grave we were told the tender story of the self-sacrificing life and premature death and the still tenderer story how the brave father brought home the body, dug the grave and placed the body in it with his own hands, said a prayer and sang a hymn by the grave side, and fainted away when all was over. It is in the open cemetery now with other graves around it, but it was for many years the "lone grave in the woods," but always the end of the Sunday walk for the little Welsh mother and the boy who inherited the name on the stone carved above the inscription, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

A tamarack swamp near by of dead and dying trees lent a curious sense of reality and nearness to the sad story. One or two old neighbors dropped in and pioneer days were lived over again. A little way down the road we stopped at Davy Bunker's, and he and the old lady crept out of the still little house to give us greeting in Welsh. Only one of our number could understand the words, but the bent and swaying figures, the whitened hair, the tender, quaint inflections, and the appealing gestures spoke a universal language which none could fail to interpret, and made a picture which will be long remembered by those who were privileged to be there. A little further on we were shown where the path used to run by wading marsh and walking logs to the home of "Aunt Net," then a tiny little girl, where "Tom," a handy boy in the Jones household, was sometimes sent when the fire went out to borrow coals,—little thinking that his son and "Aunt Net's," a strong young Professor, would drive by in his canopy-top with his sweet young wife, this 25th day of August, 1905, while both would look with tearful eyes and swelling hearts on the scene of an everyday event, once so ordinary and so commonplace. At noon we stopped at the home of "Aunt Rachel Williams" in Pipersville, to feed the horses. As we drove along through these scenes, sacred to the memories of youth, we listened to many a story of pioneer days from the lips of our leader, who rode first by the side of one canopy-top and then the other, and delivered what he was pleased to call "my famous lecture on Jefferson county." It would be a hopeless task to try to repeat them, for the time and the place and the narrator's love for the memories he invoked made up half their beauty and pathos.

We ate our supper that night on the lawn in front of a model farmhouse owned by Mr. Kluck, furnished with hot and cold water and many other modern improvements, but a few miles from the path where coal were wont to be carried for rekindling the fire. To the thought of the changes that have taken place and the experiences of the little more than half a century from that day to this, only silence could give fitting expression.

After passing through Johnson Creek, a smart little town built up by the butter business and greatly improved during the last two years, we came to Jefferson, a pleasant town of 2,500 inhabitants, where we spent the night. Next morning we drove around by way of the Jefferson Insane Asylum, to the second objective point of our trip, the dairy farm of Ex-Governor Hoard, near Fort Atkinson. The farming in all this region is superb. We were glad to learn that we had left most of the tobacco fields behind us, and in their place we found the sugar beet and rich fields of alfalfa. In many of these alfalfa fields the fourth crop was already cut and was drying in little hay cocks, each covered with its own little napkin as a protection from the rain. We spent an hour and a quarter at the Hoard farm, through the courtesy of the head farmer, who entertained us in the ex-governor's absence, visiting the dairy, the well-appointed horse barn, hay barn and cow house. "Treat your cow as you would a lady," says Mr. Hoard, and his cow house proves that his theory is also his practice. We called upon the Buff Rocks, who were fed for our benefit, and last, but not least, drove to the field where the Guernseys were in pasture, forty-three of them, magnificent star-eyed creatures, busy in a cow's leisurely way in chewing their cuds and turning grass

into milk. In money value these cows began at $200 and ranged up through Calvina, Quintilla of Brookside, and Gwendoline of Fort Atkinson, to Custer Belle, who, we were told, could not be taken away for a thousand dollars. Six months old calves were worth from a hundred and fifty dollars up. But who could have the heart to sell one of these gentle milk-makers? We would never believe it of Mr. Hoard. Both he and Mr. Cramer know every cow by name, and her mother and grandmother. I have the best internal evidence that each member of the party came away determined never to own any cow but a Guernsey and probably, if the whole truth were told, to be satisfied with nothing short of a Custer Belle. We were glad to be told that this so-called "fancy farming" pays better than "slouch farming," and were given facts and figures to substantiate the statement. During the remainder of the morning the two stenographers in the party were overhead deep in plans for a Buff Rock chicken house.

We spent Saturday night at Stoughton, a town of 3,500, the center of the tobacco trade of Wisconsin, and one of the greatest tobacco centers in the world. Probably more "pure Havanas" are made from this product than are exported from Cuba.

Sunday morning began with a quiet rain, but we set out for Blue Mounds, our third objective point. Perhaps the rain delayed us, perhaps we traveled at a Sunday pace, or perhaps we loitered too long in the magnificent barns where we breakfasted and dined,—at any rate we spent the night at Mt. Horeb, six miles from our intended resting place. But we must return a moment to Mr. Bookhout's barn, where we ate our dinner. The plans for this barn were made at the University of Wisconsin, which in many ways is making common cause with the farmers of the State.

The building was immense,—I am sorry I have forgotten the figures,—yet was put up with a balloon frame, with small timbers and without a single internal pillar. The doubting Thomases of the neighborhood had looked for it to spread when filled with hay, but it had not yielded an inch.

Monday morning was fine and fairly clear. We left Mt. Horeb a little before seven o'clock and drove up and up and up until we reached the summit of Blue Mounds, the highest point in southern Wisconsin, standing 1,700 feet above Lake Michigan. Perhaps I should blush to say that we cooked and drank and ate our coffee and eggs and bacon before we climbed the high tower to get the view, but this is no fairy tale, and I am pledged to tell the truth as far as I could find it out. Then up the tower we went and looked down upon the kingdoms of the world,—clustering villages, fertile farms, sheltering woods, rocky uplands, winding streams, and the blue hills of a horizon miles and miles away. On a clear day we should see the dome of the capital at Madison, twenty miles distant. This was beyond us today, but we had seen enough to content us, driving down and away with full hearts.

But now for a dropped stitch or two. Although botanical study from a canopy-top has its limitations, the Botanist, with the help of her amateur assistants, was able to identify one hundred and seventy-four different flowering herbs, without mentioning trees and vines. This counted eight of the goldenrods, eight asters, though early in the season for them, and eighteen of the sunflower relatives, including the ox-eye daisy, white with a golden heart, the helianthus, the coreopsis and the rudbekia. Among the goldenrods we saw great quantities of the fetid, rayless goldenrod, silver in color, which we at first mistook for silver-rod. The most impressive of our botanical trophies was doubtless the lotus, previously mentioned, but of the prettiest and sweetest, one was the slender bellflower, sometimes called the marsh, or bedstraw bellflower, a dainty blue thing, which one might easily mistake for a diminutive harebell, picked by our leader on the edge of the tamarack swamp in Ixonia. The other was the pale corydalis, with its delicate rose-colored petals tipped with yellow, a member of the poppy family and allied to the bleeding heart and Dutchman's breeches. This was found growing in rocky places on the very summit of Blue Mounds.

Luncheon at David Williams', in the edge of Barneveld, prepared us for the home stretch of eighteen miles to Tower Hill, through a region less highly cultivated than Jefferson county, but some one was heard to say in a half whisper that this was the prettiest drive of all, with its hills and valleys and ravines and its vine-wreathed roadsides. Through the McCutcheon, Helena and Hillside valleys we drove, reaching Tower Hill just as the afterglow was tinging all the sky and river with rose and gold. It had been a week full of joy and beauty. We had traveled about two hundred miles. We had found it "great to go on pilgrimage," but, after all, the best of traveling is getting home, and the best part of a trip away from Tower Hill is sitting on one's own porch at last and watching the sun set over the Wisconsin and its sand-bars.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

The Evening of Life.

I saw the night arise in the valleys and slowly creep over the hills,
I saw the last reflected rays of the sun die out of the western sky,
The clear outlines of farmhouses and landmarks and trees became indistinct,
And then all but the dim western skyline was lost to my view.
I heard the creatures of the night begin their myriad-voiced chant—
Creatures who in the light were as silent as the rays of the sun,
Night breezes arose, furtive, and fragrant with odors unknown to the day,
I saw the stars come forth which the light of the day had concealed,
Then arose the moon, soft, silent and pale, mistress of the darkened sea of space.
And within me awoke that which the care of the day had obscured—
Thoughts more subtle than reason, feelings more delicate than those of bright hours,
Fancies arose to beguile, purposes diffuse and pure though not so clear and strong as those of the day,
Another self, silenced by wakeful energy, awoke within me, to chide, to mellow and lead.

I saw an old man pass into the evening of life,
I saw the intellect failing, and noted the hesitant faltering will,
Slowly the cares of active years were forgotten or returned at furtive hours,
Even the passions and purposes of life died slowly from the heart;
And I saw new visions reflected from the slowly dimming eyes
And heard new accents fall from the lips that once spoke with command;
New feelings, more subtle and rich, though less and ever less defined
Seemed to fill the silent hours which passed ever more slowly;
New stars, hidden by the light of life's day slowly forced new heavenly constellations,
And then the silver light of the moon arose to illumine the inner skies.

And I thought that the night of nature and the night, called death, of a man
Are alike, since they open to sense and to spirit what the day keeps closed.
And I said, The night is blest, though it be not like the day,
And I felt that death is blest, though it be not the same as life.

LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE.

The Duty of the Liberal Church.

An Address by Prof. Francis A. Christie, of the Meadville Theological School, Delivered Before the Annual Meeting of the Lake Erie Association of Universalist Churches at Conneaut Lake, August 22, 1905.

We have come to a time when modern views begin to prevail in many of the Christian denominations. The man whose formed convictions are those of liberal Christianity can attend many a church without hearing in sermon or in prayer the language which offends his reason or disturbs his religious feeling. Young people are often urged to join churches of the older theology on the ground that the older theology is no longer held or taught. We often meet suggestions that liberalism having done its work, having leavened a large section of the church, should cease to be a separate organization and a propaganda. Under these circumstances there are some among us who are tempted to slacken their energies and to excuse themselves from the burden of a position which has had to be in the past one in part of protest and reformative denial. It is to this situation that I address myself and I wish to argue that this situation lays two duties upon us with irresistible force. I wish to say that so far from being excused from further effort we are summoned to new energy of effort. I wish to say that this is the time for courageous zeal and vigorous propaganda. Our duty is to complete the impending victory for liberalism and to avail ourselves of the improved opportunity for convincing society of the religion which has freed itself from error and insincerity.

It is true that peace is a duty, but surely not a peace with error and wrong. To abandon our separate propaganda under present conditions could only be a peace with error and wrong. It is not enough that in the churches of older standard the old standards of theology are neglected and obscured. It is not enough that ministers and laymen are allowed to practise an ingenuity of interpretation so that limited election means unlimited election, and Trinity does not mean Trinity, and Scriptural infallibility means whatever you please. This is an unstable and a dangerous because untruthful state of things, that is a reproach to the church of God. It is unstable. There is no guarantee to liberalism, no charter to a free sincerity. At the close of the eighteenth century large numbers of Episcopalian churches were permeated with the liberalism of their time. With the release from English control by the Revolution many were disposed to alter their creed and liturgy. The oldest Episcopalian church in New England did so and became the first Unitarian church of that region. Where this step was not taken there was a good deal of the ingenious liberalism under old labels with which we are so familiar. The rector of such a church was asked how he could still read the Athanasian creed. He answered: I read it as if I did not believe it. But the old standards were returned, and a sincere, frank liberalism never got a charter, and to this day the broad churchman must read creeds as hymns with poetic license and recite a liturgy as if he did not really mean it. Now we are asked to think that so large a section of the Christian church has in this broad church fashion virtually laid aside the things that confuse and nullify the simple essence of Christianity—its confidence in the universal Fatherhood of God as taught by Jesus our leader, and the appeal and support of that divine Fatherhood of love for every soul—we are asked to think that this simplicity being preached, there is no further need of churches which are founded exclusively upon that simplicity and for the sake of that simplicity. To this we reply that the obvious step for such churches of modified views is to make our separate existence unnecessary by giving us our chartered freedom and full Christian recognition within themselves. If they have really come to see that the views prevailing in Universalist and Unitarian churches are Christian truths it is their duty to say so in two ways; first, by full, frank, free, hospitable fellowship with Universalists and Unitarians as equal fellow Christians, and secondly, by the abolition of all standards that debar a conscientious liberal from membership in their churches. No other conclusion is possible, for the liberal Christian holds that his faith is not something merely resembling Christianity and worthy of toleration, but rather the constitutive essence of Christianity itself. Whatever denials liberalism has made were made to save pure and unimpaired and unclouded those primal and inspiring convictions which generate the Christian life and character and which are the earliest and latest, the constant and permanent abiding essence of the whole Christian system when the accretions of time are laid aside, when that which was of passing and temporary and relative historical justification has subsided to let the great central Christian stream pass unhindered on its way to the ages to come.

That which we are contending for is not a mere whim of our own, not a capricious choice of faith for ourselves alone. We have adopted our faith because for us it is truth and in religion that means a truth for all men. We are clear that our faith analyzes Christianity to its simple and abiding essence. We have seen that what we have laid aside of the older thought must be laid aside for the sake of the central truth which we retain. Our faith inevitably has an obligatory character, and we hold it and offer it as the faith which all Christians must accept in order to be free from error and in the vital interest of the soul's health and the soul's joy. Our work is not done until we have persuaded all men to join us in our conception of faith and duty and destiny. Wherever now there exist men within the other branches of the church who see their Christian heritage in the same light with ourselves it is their duty in the name of Christian brotherhood to say so. It is their duty to publicly profess us as their Christian brethren. I have met people who are ready to say in private as if making a confession that they agree with us, that they accept our negations and agree with us that the simplification of religion which we make is necessary for religion itself. They claim that in their speech and practice we should note nothing incongruous with our gospel. We claim that our separate denominational mission for them is not ended until they have been given the courage and the freedom to publicly profess what they privately avow. Our propaganda is not over for them until they too set about persuading their fellow men to reject the errors which we alike regard as dangerous and unwholesome for the souls of men. Our work for the common Christianity is not ended until the common Christianity embraces us as equal and unhindered citizens of the Christian commonwealth.

But it will be said that this is too much to expect. The power of ancient prejudice is too strong. The conservatism of religious tradition is too tenacious. Better be content with the attainable good of having a widespread softening of old views, a widely prevailing liberalism of preaching and of life even if the old creeds are retained and the liberalism merely accommodated to those creeds. Then, we are told,

there will be no practical difficulty for us and we might and should find our places as units in the older Protestant groups. To this advice I have a refusal which springs from the very sanctuary of the soul. Something refuses this accommodation. The fear of God, the fear of the Being who is Love makes that refusal, the fear of clouding and perjuring the love we owe to Him. For with the older Christian church we are assured that creeds are no light matter. They are professions made before men but they are professions made to God. What the church meant by creed was the proper statement of the Christian faith, and the Christian faith was the soul's act of response to God. The creed was a good creed just as long as it was understood to be the proper statement in intellectual form of the soul's faith under the impact of the divine word. Whenever the creed is acknowledged to be in error the lip profession of it for the sake of men is an insincerity to God and the advice that we shall take things easily and say election when we do not mean election, or Trinity when we do not mean Trinity, betrays an appalling absence of the sense of God Himself. It reduces the creed to a mere social convention and takes away from it all the meaning of truth in the sight of God and truth professed to God by virtue of the light which he has vouchsafed to us. I know the man who professes orthodoxy having remained orthodox. I honor the liberal who avows his dissent from orthodoxy. But the man who masks his liberalism under a profession of orthodoxy is guilty of an insincerity to God and that insincerity is a cloud upon the love which he owes to the Father of us all. We shall do our duty to him only by setting an example of a profession of faith which needs no private and confidential explanations in order to square itself with a good conscience. I do not know whether society is better or worse than in older times. I feel sure that it is more humane, less cruel, more temperate, less brutal. But I am sure that our present society is not the kingdom of God. I am sure that even the men who profess Christianity are often traitors to the Christian conscience. I am sure that large numbers of men profess Christ and yet believe Christ's golden rule of love impracticable. They say and do not. They say one thing and do another. They have learned the sorry trick of ingeniously interpreting the Christian ideal of life so that it covers ruthless competition, dishonest self-enrichment, the relentless spoliation of the weak, the love of power and mere wealth and the sanction of war for the sake of aggrandizement and personal profit. I ask myself if this insincerity in the use of the Christian ideal of life and character is not fostered by the current insincerity in the use of professions of belief. Can we lower the standard of honesty in what we say of God's character and God's dealing with men without losing the vital faith in the whole Christian ideal which is the effort to mirror in the life the character of the Being whom we adore! Our mission and our propaganda are not ended until we have revived the claims of a soul searching honesty and vigorous conscientiousness in all matters of religion. Our mission is over, we say to these friends, when you welcome us to a purified church of God where liberalism is no passing phase but the justified and guaranteed right of every sincere soul and where a holy conscientiousness before God is the first of all duties. Our duty, my friends, is to be vigilant and sturdy crusaders for the extension to all Christianity of exactly the faith and the sincerity to which we have pledged ourselves. To shirk that duty is to confess that our faith is only a partial faith and not a word of God to all men.

But I wish also to say that without this reference to older denominations we have a mighty and inspiring task to perform and that if we perform it all lovers of good will see in us and in our methods the gospel of the son of God. We profess that both our denials and our affirmations are the expression of our faith in the divine love. Our Christianity is a faith in the universal love of one Father in Heaven. It is enough for us to know that the great power that enfolds our being is a power of beneficence and tenderness. We know that His great beneficence welcomes us back from our blundering and sin to a life of reconciled renewal of spiritual power. We know that His powerful beneficence shall at last consummate its purpose in moulding us to its own likeness and that we shall at last be revealed as the children who wear the likeness of God. We know that our personal histories and the great social complex of life are given us as spheres for this conquest and this attainment. Our mission, friends, our mission which we cannot drop unless we forsake the obligations and the meanings of the great beneficence which we have experienced is to persuade every human brother of this sublime meaning in his life. Our mission is to create a human society whose law and disposition is the disposition of the family of such a Fatherhood. This is our permanent mission. Even if all the churches should come to our way of thinking, even if we should all be united with them in one common fellowship this would still continue to be our duty and our work. And I am sure that there can be no higher argument for our still separate activity than our energy and our success in training our children to undertake life in this faith and to show such a faith in the Christian nobility of their lives. It should be our chief anxiety to so approve our liberalism. It should be our most strenuous care in this age of half hearted and half-disguised and compromising liberalism to show that the churches of avowed and clarified and conscientious liberalism are supremely concerned for the aim of all Christian effort—the creation of a society of Christian characters. Round about all the churches are large numbers of men and women who care little about theological differences and have little understanding of them. We shall not do them much good by simply explaining our difference from Lutheran or Presbyterian or other standards. We shall not secure much interest in these matters. But when we look upon their lives we know a great need in them. They have not wakened to a sense of God as their Father and Friend. They submit to all the mystery of life's vicissitudes without a faith in its wonderful meaning to them as a life with an eternal Friend. They preserve a certain civilized demeanor without knowing the heavenly significance of character and being. Their souls are visited by no supernal joys. Their hours of suffering are not bathed and soothed by the sense of divine companionship. They are not thrilled and invigorated and energized by the personal reality to them of the great tremendous faith which we hold as the purified and simple truth of religion. Our great duty is to commune with God and obtain the passion and the energy of spiritual life so that we may be speakers for God to these more listless brethren by our side. Our duty is to reawaken ourselves every day to the life which is not a mere passing of days but a communion with the everlasting and purifying friendship of God so that from our health and harmony and joy and power they too may waken to the great possibilities of human life, and

with us may know the joy and gladness and health of the soul befriended from above. It is our duty to make every one of our churches homes that glow with the love and friendliness that mirrors the goodness shining down to us from God. It is our duty to conceive of our churches as schools that exist first of all for the study and practice of the character and the life unfolded in the preaching of Jesus and of Paul, and thus as training schools for that great new order of christianized society for which the world longs. It is our mission not only to proclaim a liberalized and uncompromised theology but to evidence that richness and power of Christian living which shall be the all compelling argument for the faith which we hold.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Bishop's Apology.

The literature of popular apologetics, which "dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus," is becoming extended to a wearisome degree. Much of it depends for its effect upon a belated exegesis, a forced philosophy and a tone of omniscience, which are repellant to the better mind of the present.

Differing widely from many of the books of this class, while still retaining some of their undesirable features, is the volume of Noble Lectures* given at Harvard last fall by the English Bishop of Ripon, who came to America, with other dignitaries of the Church of England, to attend the Peace Conference and the Episcopal Triennial Convention. Dr. Carpenter is known at home as a preacher of unusual power, a hard-working administrator of his diocese, and a friend of the laboring man and of the poor. It is a fitting example of the revenges that the whirligig of time brings around that he should have lectured in America at Harvard University, founded by the Puritans and presided over by a Unitarian.

The bishop is a broad churchman and a man of powerful and original mind, evidently hampered somewhat by his ecclesiatstical leading strings. Even the impetus of his robust personality, these lectures as delivered, must have had a strong effect. In print, they seem diffuse, with much repetition of the thought, better in parts than as a whole. The subjects of the six chapters are "Two Aspects of Christ's Influence," "Christ the Perfect Type of Consciousness," "Christ the Teacher of Principles," "Christ the Law of the Soul," "Christ Verified in Experience," and "Christ as Authority." The general viewpoint is that of the broad churchmanship of Phillips Brooks, though with more allusion to modern scientific thought and current theological literature than the great American preacher allowed himself to make.

The thought is distinctive for its strong, English common sense, rather than for any marked acuteness or learning. The underlying assumptions of the writer are not clearly defined, and hard points in the interpretation are as often evaded as met. The resulting conception of Jesus adds nothing to our knowledge of Him, and while it is attractively presented, is too vague and general to account for the all-pervasive influence that is claimed for him. Such a book as Principal Drummond's "Via, Veritas, Vita" (Hibbert Lectures), gives a far truer insight into Jesus himself and into His actual influence on the world. R. W. B.

*The Witness to the Influence of Christ, being the William Belden Noble Lectures for 1904, by the Right Reverend William Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.

The Approach to Philosophy.†

One who hears his fellow-ministers of various denominations preach, even occasionally, gets an impression—which doubtless he also gives in his turn—that very much of the current preaching is an ineffectual heating of the air. If he stops to ask himself why this is so, he is likely to reason that the preacher is superficial in his grasp of principles, scattering in his aim, and apparently incapable of thinking his thought through to any, even approximate, final harmony of ideas. In short, it is as rare as it is refreshing to hear a man who knows thoroughly where he stands amid the swirling currents of modern speculation and practice. What the preachers seem to lack is philosophic grasp,—not a philosophic vocabulary, or a philosophic abstractness, in which theological students and poorly trained ministers have too much revelled,—but a real vision of the great principles underlying all our thinking and living, however little they may be recognizable on its surface.

The notion, which UNITY has done something to disseminate, that sociology is to take the place of theology in the minister's equipment, contains a fragment of truth that ought not to hide from us the larger fact that all the needed motive power for social action and social reform is drawn by the individual from such ultimate conceptions as make the subject-matter of theology and philosophy. Without these conceptions, even such an ideal as that of the brotherhood of man hangs aloft in the empyrean of idealistic dreams, with nothing on which to base itself. The scope and character of a man's work for mankind, like the tone of his inner life, depends directly upon his thought of God, of the nature and sanctions of duty, of the final meaning of the universe and of human life, and of the certainty of the conquest of good over evil, here and hereafter. To urge the preacher to drop considerations like these from the forefront of his thought, in favor of whatever plans for social readjustment, is simply to reverse the inevitable order of truth. Action follows motive, and motive belief. The preacher's primary concern is, therefore, with the interior things, out of which life continually flows in shapes that help or harm, according as the originating thought is false or true, is partial or complete.

Phillips Brooks luminously defined preaching as "truth passed through the medium of personality." It is the danger of every approach to the institutional church that it tempts the minister to make himself an errand boy of superficial schemes for reform and a toiler at ill-adjusted social machinery, while it denies him the time and quiet for maturing his first crude "guesses at truth" into something like the full-orbed, divinely perfect form of truth itself. At the very best, there is little hope that the minister, absorbed in many directions, can command a freshness and fullness of truth in any wise adequate to the often tragic needs of his people's life. But the minister who would have his word go forth with power, in a series of years of growing wisdom on his part and confidence on the part of those who hear him, needs, above all things, to know well the ground on which he stands as a teacher of truth.

All this is obvious, and yet as one looks over ministers' libraries and finds out how some of them spend their time, the constant need of repeating it is apparent. It is said here by way of introducing to any fellow students who may not know of it the book

†The Approach to Philosophy, by Ralph Barton Perry, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University, pp. 448. $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

whose title has been given, as among the best of recent hand-books for one who would orient himself in relation to the leading thought of the world, in past and present, and find the really fruitful starting points for further thinking.

Professor Perry has not written an "introduction to philosophy" in the conventional sense, nor, in spite of his suggestive title, is what he has written a mere elementary text-book, though it may properly find use in college classes. One must be more than a novice in philosophic thought to draw the fullest profit from these pages. It is their sanity and balance and all around grasp of the problems and methods of fundamental thinking that will commend them to the many who feel that, although themselves teachers, they need continually to be taught.

This book leads us to make our approach to philosophy from the side of practical life. For the self-styled "practical" man has his philosophy, however much he may scout the more systematic philosophizing of the schools. That is, he has his conception of an underlying nature in things, to which he constantly appeals, and on which as a basis he constructs his plan of living. The poet, too, is a philosopher in the making; at least his verse holds in solution all the elements of a philosophy, though given in concrete objective form. Religion, according to this writer, is fundamentally a belief, or an attitude of mind towards the universal reality. Finally, science, which has to do with the descriptive or phenomenal aspect of the reality which religion more directly apprehends, has to assume a philosophic justification for its method and confirmation of its results. These are the successive topics of the five chapters of Part I., which offer a pleasant and easy transition to the more abstruse and technical chapters that follow. Any one who supposes practical life to be something divorced from thought and not dependent on it; any reader of the greater poets who would see farther into their meaning; any student of religion who is disposed to minimize its "thought side;" and any believer in science who is willing to take from it his final account of the universe would do well to read and ponder these thought-provoking chapters.

With Part II. we are led into deeper waters, where the amateur begins to gasp for breath. The special problems of philosophy are next set forth, in their organic connection, as the problems of metaphysics, or the search for fundamental reality and epistemology or the possibility of knowledge, and the problems of the normative sciences—logic, ethics and aesthetics—and of religion. It is impossible to summarize these chapters, which give the strong meat of the philosophic word, but with such clearness and orderly arrangement that the careful reader cannot miss its purport. The principal historical positions of thought are briefly characterized, and the work already done, as well as that left to be done, is indicated.

With what the author calls an order of "progressive complexity," Part III. deals with the four great systematic attitudes in philosophy—naturalism, subjectivism, absolute realism and absolute idealism. These are only the highly abstract names of the familiar clothing of the mind that we all wear, most of us putting on a motley made of irregular shreds and poorly matched patches from all four, and scarcely even the self-conscious philosopher wearing a seamless robe all cut from any one. These are the living and permanent types of mind that are continually recurring in the progress of philosophy. The great names that appear in every history of thought are here found in their natural connection. But it seems to the present writer that the thought of the prophets of naturalism, of Berkeley and Schoenhauer and the other protagonists of subjectivism, the realism of Plato, Aristotle and Spinoza, and idealism in Kant, Fichte and Hegel, can never have been more lucidly described and analyzed. Over these chapters the thoughtful student will linger long, and to them he will often turn back for guidance. Perhaps the most striking chapter in the book is the last, in which the author presents the current tread in philosophy, and appears to yield his own sympathy to that pluralistic reading of the ultimate nature of things which has such instructive matter for thought just now to offer us. An extract or two from his conclusion, in praise of contemplation as a part of life, may help to justify some of the praise that has been spoken.

"There is no dignity in living except it be in the solemn presence of the universe; and only contemplation can summon such a presence. However, the sessions must be not infrequent, for memory is short and visions fade. . . . Thus life may be broadened and deepened without being made thin and ineffectual. As the civil community is related to the individual's private interests, so the community of the universe is related to the civil community. There is a citizenship in this larger community which requires a wider and more generous interest, rooted in a deeper and more quiet reflection. The world, however, is not to be left behind, but served with a new sense of proportion, with the peculiar fortitude and reverence which are the proper fruits of philosophy."

A full and admirably selected bibliography opens the way to almost endless research on the various lines here indicated. The proofreading of the book is less accurate than could be desired. It has impressed one reader, at least, as a book to help busy preachers like himself to a better balance of mind and a deeper insight of conviction; so he has gone out of his way somewhat to commend it to any who may be even more completely beginners in these great concerns of human thought than himself.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

Men put forth profession instead of belief till they do not themselves distinguish between the two. They shuffle and confuse their own best faiths amongst articles of creed to which they give a mere verbal assent. Many a man who is thought by others to be a greater believer than he really is, thinks himself a greater *disbeliever* than he really is. He almost loses sight of some of the highest truths of his reason because he has habitually mixed them up with detected or suspected superstitions. Besides, it is by open and candid speech, man to man, that each one of us comes fully to understand what he does believe in. Shut up my mouth and you will soon after shut up my thought also. If I must practice a dishonest speech I lose the habit of thinking honestly. I, too, can admire what I do not personally participate. But it is the *sincere faith* of the man who thinks differently from myself that I can admire.

—Thorndale.

To trust ourselves, means a world of conquest, before we can attain the height. We know so little of others; we know so much of ourselves. The world puts its best side toward us, and our fellows carefully conceal from us their weaknesses and failures, their defects and shortcomings. We can trust them—until by some mischance hope is belied and confidence is shattered—and then we turn with renewed faith and fresh hope to another. But, of ourselves there is no illusion to be enjoyed—when we turn inward the very skeletons of the soul are laid bare, and we know, of a certainty, exactly where we stand.

The man who can look himself square in the eye, and know himself for the honest man he knows he ought to be, is not only rare, but rarely fortunate.—*William Ellis, in The Philosopher.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—"Choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."
Mon.—All my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
Tues.—What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
Wed.—The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Thurs.—Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all.
Fri.—Who doth right deed
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
—*From Light of Asia by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

A Child's Thought of God.

I.
They say that God lives very high
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?
II.
And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that glory shines.
III.
God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.
IV.
But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.
V.
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kiss's pressure,
Half waking me at night; and said
Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

The Impudent Guinea Pig.

No other creature is so absolutely graceful as a rattlesnake, and none more gentle in intention. It is only against imposition that he protests. Our forefathers had learned a not unworthy lesson from their contact with nature in the New World when they put upon the first flag of the colonies a rattlesnake with the Latin legend, *Nemo me impune lacessit*—"No one wounds me with impunity." The flag of independence, however, only half told the real meaning of its emblem—the warning, and not the self-restraint. There is a device, to my notion, much more expressive: a rattlesnake rampant, with the Spanish motto, *Ni huyes ni persigues*—"Thou needst not flee, but thou must not pursue." Or, in other words, "I impose upon no one; no one must impose upon me." That is the real meaning of the rattlesnake, as any one can testify who knows him well.

I chanced one day to enter the market in Los Angeles, and was surprised to find in one of the stalls a large collection of rattlesnakes, mostly brought from the Mojave desert. It was the first time I had ever seen the crotalus sold in the stalls of a city market; and as they went at the very reasonable figure of fifty cents apiece, I promptly purchased a pair. The dealer, with a noose of cord, lassoed the two I indicated, and after some maneuvering got them stowed in two large cigar boxes which he tied up tightly. Reaching home safely with my new pets, I made them a roomy cage with wire screen front and a sliding door on top, and transferred them to it without much difficulty. One was a strong, handsome fellow five feet long and with fifteen rattles; the other was about three feet in length and had an ordinary "string."

The dealer told me they had eaten nothing in six months; and fancying it must be about lunch-time with them, I went downtown, as soon as they were comfortably settled in the new quarters, to get them food. A rattler, you know, will touch no dead meat, so I had to get some living bait. After ransacking the markets I found at last one young *cuye*—the funny little South American, generally miscalled among us the "guinea-pig." It was about half-grown—a very proper-sized morsel for the larger snake.

My friends rattled a little as I opened the slide on the top of their cage, promptly closing it as I dropped the cuye in. But, to my surprise, they paid no further attention to the newcomer, except to appear very much bored by him; and, stranger yet, the guinea-pig showed no sign whatever of fear. I have so often watched birds, rabbits, dogs, horses, cattle, and other animals—up to the strongest and boldest—in presence of the rattlesnake, and have always noted in them such unmistakable tokens of terror, that it astonished me to find this pretty little white-and-tan creature so utterly unconcerned. In dropping from the door he alighted squarely upon the backs of the snakes, whereupon they drew away uneasily; and he proceeded to look and sniff about, very much as you may have seen a rabbit do. I stood by the cage a long time, expecting the snakes to lose patience at last and enact a tragedy; but nothing happened. The cuye scurried freely about the cage, generally treading upon the irregular loops which covered most of the floor; and the snakes neither rattled nor raised their heads at him.

For fully a week the three lodged together harmoniously. Sometimes, on entering the room, I found the guinea-pig quietly reposing inside the careless coil of one of his strange bedfellows. Several times he was squatting upon them, and more than once sitting squarely upon the head of one! I began to wonder if there were anything constitutionally wrong with the snakes. Whether they deemed him too big or too foolish to be eaten, I have never known; but, whatever the reason, they made no motion toward eating him. Unfortunately, he did not know how to return a favor.

One afternoon I was writing at my desk, when a tremendous rattling behind me caused me to jump up and go to the cage. The smaller snake was up in arms, skirring his rattle violently, while the larger one was twisting uneasily about, but not showing fight. And what do you imagine ailed him? Why, that miserable cuye was perched upon him, coolly nibbling that beautiful rattle, of which only three or four beads were left! In my righteous indignation I tore open the slide and "snaked out" the vandal as quickly as possible. Afterward it occurred to me to wonder that I had not been struck; for nothing so alarms and angers a crotalus as a swift motion like that with which I had removed the cuye. The rattles never grew again, and my best snake was spoiled. Why the cuye should have cared to eat that mysterious husk which is so absolutely dry and flavorless, I can explain only by adding that rats and mice have the same perverted taste, and that it seems fairly a passion with them. I have had many skins and rattles eaten up by them.

—*Charles F. Lummis in St. Nicholas.*

"Some feet will press all heights yet unattained. Why not mine own? Press on! Achieve! Achieve!"—*Suggestion.*

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion.''

Foreign Notes.

LAST JOTTINGS ON THE WAY.—With a miscellaneous batch of papers in our grip, we are speeding along toward New York and the Rotterdam steamer and cull as we go some last notes for this corner of UNITY. After the fatigues and *strapazen*, as the Germans would say, of the last few days, not much time or brains are left for selection and it will be sort of an *olla podrida* that we send you.

First then, here is an item from the *Bookseller*, not foreign but worthy of notice quite as much.

The Union News Company has notified dealers that in future detective stories and blood-curdling novels of every nature will be barred from the trains and stations of the Pennsylvania system. Train ''news butchers'' and news agents at stations all along the line received the same orders from the Union News Company, which owns the privileges on the Pennsylvania system, to send in all literature of this nature at once. Railroad men state that the order is in accordance with a decision of the Pennsylvania higher officials to eliminate what they consider one of the breeders of crime in the country.

Evidently it is not Philadelphia alone that is waking up.

Here is another literary and railway item:

A writer in the *Great Central Railway Journal* tells that more than twenty years ago he wrote to Ruskin, complaining of the price of his works. The following is Mr. Ruskin's reply, accompanying a gift of ''Munera Pulveris'':

''84, Woodstock road, Oxford 4th Nov., '84—My dear Sir,—I have ordered my publisher to send you in gift a book of mine you have not read. Be content with that, at present, and Carlyle. Have you not Shakespeare, cheap? and the Bible, now-a-days, for nothing? What good do they do you?—Faithfully yours, J. Ruskin.''

Apropos of Shakespeare, I note that the house of the Capulets, at Verona, where Juliet lived, was recently sold at auction for £560 to the municipality who intend to convert it into a museum dedicated to Shakespeare.

Christian Life notes a curious book on the religious condition of the district around Nismes, published by a Catholic writer, the Abbé Grange. He has compiled some elaborate statistics which show that in this part of Southern France there are many localities in which the Protestants form an actual majority of the population. (One-fifth of all the Protestants of France reside within the single diocese of Nimis.) Thus at St. Jean du Gard there are 3,200 Protestants but only 400 Catholics; at Anduze 3,300 Protestants to 720 Catholics; at Vallerangue, 2,250 Protestants to 350 Catholics; at Aignesvives, 1,350 Protestants to 540 Catholics. In the city of Nismes there are 18,000 Protestants, but they only constitute one-fourth of the population.

Dr. Kuyper, the foremost statesman in the Netherlands, is also one of Holland's greatest theological scholars. He has written an exhaustive work dealing with the ''Holy Spirit.'' Over seventy years of age, he is as keen in intellect and active in body as if he were twenty years younger. The Liberal Party in Holland is against the predominance of religious authority in the government of the country. The Catholics and ''Orthodox'' Protestants unite, despite other divergences of opinion, in favor of this predominance. The Socialists seem, for the time, under eclipse, as not one of them has been elected.

Among the many good results of the revival in Wales is that the pit-ponies are being treated more kindly. It is said also that there are signs that little farm servants and other employes are more considerately treated by their masters; and that ''orthodox'' Christians do not manifest so much bitterness towards other Christians as has been hitherto their custom. All this seems to be a bringing forth ''works meet for repentance.' '

The visit of the famous Lancashire band, Besses o' the Barn, to France, may be described as a small event, says the *Inquirer*, but it will have not unimportant effects in spreading a stronger sympathy and spirit of amity between the peoples of the two countries. The working classes of France have flocked in delighted crowds to hear the music of their British comrades, and the working men of Lancashire have brought home happy memories of courtesy and kindness lavished on them in France. In future when the band is heard at home there will sound also the echo of the life of the men and women of a sister country, and the consciousness will spread that the men who live in other lands are of like nature with ourselves. The incident points to the good future when the mutual friendship of the peoples will replace the old and the ''new diplomacy,'' with its cruel and futile appeal to arms.

A states like the following from *Le Signal de Genéve* emphasizes the insignificance of humanity from a purely material or earthy standpoint.

There are on the globe one milliard four hundred million human beings, yet all this terrestrial population could be easily contained on the frozen surface of the Lake Constance allowing one square metre to each three persons. And if the ice should break under the weight of this mass of human beings it would scarcely raise the level of the lake sixteen centimetres. Poor little humanity!

I close this on the Holland-America steamer Rotterdam with Trinity church and the sky-scrapers of New York slowly disappearing from view and the steamer's brass band playing its liveliest strains to keep our courage up or express our joyful anticipations, as one chooses to take it. It is a very foreign looking crowd that is going over, with Germans, apparently, in the majority. The weather is ideal, and with all the preliminary cares and anxieties put by, one may hope for a restful, inspiring vacation. My next notes will be mailed at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Then there will be some stops along the Rhine, at Worms, Speyer, etc. At Geneva I shall see UNITY once more and I hope find also some leaflets telling of the Religious Congress for the benefit of interested foreign friends.

M. E. H.

JOTTINGS ON SHIPBOARD.—Why will the Holland-American line persist in minimizing the length of its passage, representing it as but eight days to Boulogne and nine to Rotterdam? Sailing August 2 we should be in Rotterdam at latest on the 11th, was the assurance at the offices, but here we are, just skirting the English coast on the morning of that day with question if Boulogne will reached in time for landing before to-morrow, and this though we have had ideal weather, as on my trip by the same line two years ago, when we had a like experience. Those to whom the voyage itself is a delight do not mind delay and those who have tried the line before are not disappointed, but the feelings of a mother hastening to the bedside of a sick son, or a clergyman with a Sunday appointment in Southern Germany are not the happiest as the time is lengthened hour by hour, though sea and sky be never so blue. Here they are and must perforce adjust themselves to what comes, no matter how plans are upset and waiting friends disappointed.

Deduction made for this too general misrepresentation of their speed, one can have little but commendation for the services and accommodations on this Dutch line. No other, I believe, systematically does so much for the entertainment of its passengers. An excellent brass band plays regularly twice a day on the promenade deck, and, substituting strings for the brasses, the same musicians give concerts on alternate evenings, below, for the first and second class. When one recognizes in these fresh-faced *Musikanten* the same fellows who wait on us so dextrously at the table one wonders at the versatility of the accomplishments they practice for—report says —$16 a month. On my former trip cards were distributed each way soliciting contributions for the musicians. These, with the amounts pledged, were subsequently collected by the purser and no fee was paid more cheerfully. Since then there has evidently been a change of policy, for now a notice conspicuously posted in various places announces that ''the musicians are paid by the company and are not allowed to present a list for fees.'' The initiative is thus thrown upon the passengers and the music being very popular, the musicians fare as well as ever.

On each trip a ''grand ball'' is given one evening on the promenade deck. This, all enclosed with canvas, is bright with vari-colored electric lights, and where, as on the Rotterdam, only a railing separates first from second class, the effect

as of one long ball-room is quite attractive, while the quiet on-looker can observe how "all sort and conditions of men" amuse themselves under more or less unconventional conditions. No, not quite *all* sorts, for the steerage passengers must still content themselves in their restricted quarters with humbler means of recreation. There are types enough on the promenade deck, however, to make one wish for the pen of a Dickens and the pencil of Cruikshank. Ere the evening is over, one notes some quite exuberant pigeon-wings and flourishes even among the élite on the forward deck, but it is the cosmopolitan assemblage amidships that is most naïve in its abandon to the jollity of the hour and the most amusing to he observant bystander. There is no embarrassing self-consciousness, no posing on the part of these middle-aged and rotund German *hausfrauen* who challenge one another to waltz or polka and "trip the light fantastic" with the best, while they call out their quips and jests in high-pitched, strident tones. Talk of the voices of American women! Are the voices of some of these German viragoes an American product or an imported one? A stout little father dances baby in arms, and an impulsive young French girl with a fondness for children, quits her partner to whirl around with them both in an exuberance of gaiety. A dark-browed Spanish gentleman picks out the most eligible partners and pilots them skilfully through the whirling maze, while his sweet-faced invalid wife, shut off from communion with the rest by barriers of language, looks jealously on from the doorway of the ladies' parlor, and smiles at her liege lord when he slips in for a word with her between times. Lemonade, ice-cream, tea and cake are handed around and then the kaleidoscopic whirl goes on again till eleven when the musicians pack up their instruments and depart. Down below the head steward informs some still thirsty mortals that no more drinks can be had at the bar, and so perforce, even for there, hilarity gives place to slumber.

How small the world is growing anyway! How cosmopolitan and fraternal! Here is a German Methodist minister with his family: a wise, motherly wife and four almost grown-up children. The parents, originally members of the same congregation in a south-German city, were married in America, where all their children were born and reared, and where the good pastor has served communities as far apart as Milwaukee and Walla-Walla. Now broken in nerves by overstudy and the often thankless tasks of a parish in the very heart of Chicago's strike district, "where men were kicked to death before my very door," he has accepted an urgent call to quaint old Solothurn in Switzerland. Tears came unbidden to the good mother's eyes this last day of the voyage as the sight of land recalls far-away America. "I would not mind, if I knew I should go back," she says, "but I should like to spend all my life out there."

But not all the time has been given to exercise, eating, sleeping and study of human nature, predominant as these occupations are on shipboard. As the good German pastor has studied his Greek Testament between times, and the Catholic priest his breviary, your correspondent has been trying to get some idea of present religious conditions in France and especially some belated conception of the significance of the Synod of Reims. What a pile of papers she had accumulated on this subject before departure, thanks to Swiss friends. For Switzerland the *Journal de Genève* and the *Semaine religieuse*, from France many numbers of *Le Protestant* with contributed articles and copious extracts from the religious press, to say nothing of *La Vie Nouvelle* of Montauban and *La Réforme des Charentes*, would seem to have exhausted every phase of opinion concerning that much discussed gathering of representatives of French Protestantism or at least of that part of the Reformed Church which accepts a written confession of faith and is organized into official synods. Outside of these, and hence not represented at Reims, though participating freely in discussion of the questions involved, is the *Délégation Libérale*, whose organ *Le Protestant* has long been on UNITY'S exchange list.

Roughly speaking, the Synod included two elements, the ultraorthadox and those who accept many of the results of the Higher criticism and of scientific research and with whom subscription to a definite statement of belief is a matter of interpretation. This latter includes a group of younger men devout, earnest and sincere, whose demand for a revision, or re-interpretation, of the confession of faith adopted in 1872, was for the time somewhat evasively met, but in a way to show extreme unwillingness to oust them. It is too late, even did time and space not fail me, to go into details as to the discussions and the action taken at the Synod of Reims. All parties seem to agree that, however divergent the views and intense the depth of personal feeling and conviction expressed, only the utmost courtesy, respect and fraternal good will found expression.

The other great question demanding solution in the present crisis in the future relation of all tendencies in the Reformed Church after the Separation of Church and State. Is the church when independent to break up or to return some form of organization including all parties? This problem still awaits solution. The crucial point seems to be not so much one of belief or a formal confession of faith, as it is whether such an expression, whatever its breadth, shall be used as a shibboleth to exclude anyone from church fellowship.

On this point the *Délégation Libérale* occupies precisely the standpoint of American Unitarians and Independents. A writer in *Le Protestant* well says: "Let our friends of the Centre and Right ask us to agree to the existence of a statement of belief, we will do so gladly; even though it should contain some things we only half like we will still accept it knowing that all members of a collective body, and above all the minority, should make concessions, but it must be quite understood that such a statement is an explanation for those outside, not an *ultimatum* for those within; that it is a banner we respect, not a garment to which one must adjust himself whether it fits or no." Of such an attitude on the part of all there seems at present little indication.

The Synod of Reims while rejecting the proposal for a national synod to discuss this question of future relations, did in its closing hours pass a resolution to the effect that after Separation a General Assembly ought to be held to determine the possibilities of federation. Its motto seemed to be: "No schism but no fusion."

In closing this communication the following brief extracts from *L'Avant Garde*, organ of the Christian-Socialists of France, will be of interest.

France is Catholic in name, but not in reality even where she imagines herself to be so. Neither is she any more protestant, unless it be without suspecting it and in a very negative sense of the word. She is neither believing nor incredulous, nor indifferent. What she has always been, she still is; a light, mocking race, generous and superficial, which evades by a jest the gravest questions, and makes haste to indulge in raillery lest one should suspect it of being moved. . . .

France has religious instincts rather than a religion. Her piety, which is much more a tradition than a matured, enlightened conviction, does not prevent her laughing at everything, especially at sacred things. She makes use of the priest while making fun of him.

Formerly functionaries went to mass. It was a means of getting a position, or securing promotion. To-day the wind has changed; a profession of atheism is the thing. To piety by command succeeds unbelief by command. One is as good as the other. A formal religion necessarily leads to unbelief those whom it does not carry into superstition.

France retains Catholiicism without believing in it, because she has found in it the religious form best adapted to her weaknesses.

. . . Every man is more or less divided between the need of seeking God and the desire of avoiding him; between the necessity of having a religion and the convenience of doing without one. Christ affirms in an absolute fashion the need of being born again to enter the kingdom of heaven . . . that he who will save his life must begin by losing it. . . . But cannot one arrange matters with heaven? Is it not possible to save one's soul without giving his heart to God? It is these carnal desires of the masses to which Catholicism responds.

M. E. H.

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